

TCP Road Rage

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TCP Road Rage

This is the first story I ever posted. It just occurred to me one day after my usual harrowing commute to work. Creative criticism is fine, but no flames okay:

Mutants as a concept belong to Marvel, I'm not making any money, so please don't sue me. Some of the language tends to be on the colourful side, but I think it's entirely justifiable.

Road Rage. By Rossi

There's some days when it doesn't really pay to be a cyclist in this city. Sometimes I half believe the motorists are actually out to get me. I mean, I wear the florescent colours, the helmet, I use my lights at night, I always keep alert, but sometimes it counts for nothing. Take that prick who just passed me- he nearly grazed my knuckles with his side mirror, he was that close. And the look- as if I'm the one in the wrong by daring to be on his road in the first place.

I'm tempted, but I won't. I promised myself I wouldn't. Besides, I should save my secret weapon for the real arseholes, the morons who endanger lives with their sheer stupidity, the ones who don't deserve to be on the road. Too many, and someone could get suspicious, and the last thing I need is a lynch mob that makes your average road rage look like a minor disagreement.

You see, I'm a mutant. A pretty minor one really, with the sort of power that makes me think this whole mutancy thing is a cosmic lucky-dip: a very choice few get something worth having, but the majority end up with some worthless junk that you can't get rid of. And some get the real booby-prize. Poor bastards. At least my gift is easy to hide, even if it's not exactly under control. It means a few

sacrifices on my part: it's part of the reason why I'm out here in rush-hour traffic breathing in carbon monoxide and dodging broken glass and trying not to get killed.

In a way it's sort of funny. Think of the worst thing about car travel. Traffic jams? Take a book with you. Breakdowns? Call the RACV. Getting the radio stuck on one of those "golden-oldie" stations? Close, but not quite. Try this: car sickness. That horrible queasiness that just won't go away, that sensation of "I-think-I'm-gonna-throw-up-no-wait-it's-gone-away-again-no-wait-it's-back". The disgusting taste in your mouth, and the smell of car fumes in your nose. Now multiply it a hundred-fold, so every time you even sit in a car you turn green. That's the feeling I can instil in people. My mutant power is to project chronic car sickness in people, a car sickness so strong they take months to get over it.

Bizarre, isn't it? One of my friends is one of those eco-warrior types; he reckons my power is nature's way of fighting back against pollution. I think he needs to spend less time ingesting certain green vegetable matter. Needless to say, I don't travel by car any more. Just sitting in one brings it out big time: when it first surfaced, I was in the supermarket car park with my olds. You might remember the local headlines: "Gas Leak Feared in Unexplained Shopping Illness." Vomit everywhere, yuk. That's when Mum and Dad banned me from travelling in their cars; it was getting expensive in dry-cleaning and travel-sickness tablets. From that time it was just me and my bike, or the train or the trams. Thank God for the public transport system: it's one of the reasons I got a job down here after uni. Even buses tend to set me off, which is a bit of a pain. Of course, it means at the age of twenty-eight I've never held a licence to drive. Makes producing ID a bit tricky...

Bloody fuckwit! Did you see that! That complete and utter moron! Not only did he run that red light, he's using his bloody mobile! He just pulled out like I wasn't there! God, if I hadn't jammed on the brakes, I'd be smeared all over his bonnet! Right sunshine, your number's up. You aren't going to be driving for six months at least.

I may not have much control in my immediate surroundings, but I can project really well. Got it down to a fine art really. Just focus on the driver, a little push and... voila! There go his brake lights, he's come to a screeching halt on the side of the road, will he get out in time? Almost. It's a pity really, that suit was a nice one. I give him a little wave as I go past, but he's too busy spewing to take much notice. Just as well, I suppose. Wouldn't want him to put two and two together.

I don't do it often, but it's a hoot when I do. Not-so-sweet revenge. You might see it as my enforcing my own set of road rules on the unsuspecting public, but like I said, I'm selective. Only a choice few, the ones who really are a risk on the road. I wouldn't inflict this on just anyone just because their driving sucks.

Unless, of course, they really piss me off.

The End.

End

file.